

## Homesickness

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Summary: He wasn't obsessed with using holograms to relive their old life like Leo was. He just had to come back and see his home one more time, that's all. (Very ramblely, not-really-proof-read sad story about Raph missing New York. Written because I miss New York, too.)

## Homesickness

\_It's a thing. I wrote it. It's 100% depressing rambling about the turtles' lives in space. So, if you like that sort of thing, go ahead and read! \_

\* \* \*

><p>Taking a quick look around to make sure that no one saw him, Raph took a deep breath before stepping into the ship's holo-chamber and closing the door behind him. Almost instantly, the rooftops of New York spread out below him, as the room projected what was heavy on his mind. He glanced around the view of "the city" with a pang of nostalgia. He could see Murakami-san's restaurant, and the beat up old movie theater that he remembered daringly sneaking into a few times to watch the latest action film, even the defunct fortune cookie factory lair of the Purple Dragons reminded him of good times fighting alongside his brothers, and later, Casey. Climbing down a fire escape to get to the ground, he stared longingly at a sewer lid on the ground. He couldn't help it as a wave of homesickness passed through him, and the scene suddenly changed to the pit in the lair, the Space Heroes pinball machine pinging in the background, the tv buzzing with low level static, the fridge humming from the kitchen. He swore he could even smell the slight damp and musty smell that he so closely associated with his underground home.<p>

With heavy steps, as he chastised himself for getting worked up over something he \_knew \_was just an illusion, he couldn't help but walk towards his room. \_The \_hologram \_of his room\_, he reminded himself.

He couldn't turn into Leo, relying on a vision made from memories, treating it like reality. But he just had to come back one time. He walked into his room, habitually flipping the switch on the wall, even though the hologram could turn on the lights with just a thought, and sucked in a breath through the teeth as his heart suddenly felt very full. The familiar sight of his room, a room he had grown up in, and spent every night in, brought the homesickness that had been lurking in him front and center, and he struggled to stay standing and not slide to the floor and collapse. Maybe if he hadn't recalled every detail so clearly, maybe if the hologram hadn't captured every bit of his room; from the care-worn and much loved blanket on his bed, with even the patches in just the right spots, the boom box sitting to the side that Donnie had managed to fix up for him one time- though as the years went by he rolled his eyes at Raph's desire to keep such ancient tech (his words)-to the knic-knack filled shelves where Spike had used to sit and listen to him vent about his day.

Which made him think of how Spi-Slash was counting on him along with the rest of the world to get the black hole generator pieces, and he did NOT have \_time\_ to be sitting around crying in self pity. But even though he tried to shove his feelings to the side, he still couldn't find the strength to move. He just stared into his room, and felt more strongly than ever the emptiness that had been with him since he had seen the Earth destroyed. He wanted to cry, and he hated that he did. So he just stayed where he was, staring at this memory with eyes that stung with unshed tears. \_I wish Master Splinter was here\_. He thought all at once, and gasped slightly as the room shifted around him.

Light streamed down through the grate above, turning green as it passed through the tree that had managed to grow down here. And sitting under the tree as calmly as if this had been any normal day, was Master Splinter. Raph stared for a second, before clenching his eyes shut and looking away. "No" he said shortly, shaking his head of the memory that had brought up this scene, "It's not real".

And when he opened his eyes, he was back on the rooftops, a virtual breeze ruffling the tails of his mask. He laughed a bit at himself as the "breeze" blew into his face. Looks like his brain had unconsciously given an excuse for the tears at the corners of his eyes. "It's just the wind". Shaking his head, he turned off the hologram session, and stood in the middle of the chrome white room until all traces that he had been crying vanished from his face. Straightening his shoulders, he put on his poker face and went back into the rest of the ship. Back to the real world. And back to his brothers. He couldn't show them that he was homesick, or, at least, not beyond the occasional snapping comment about how he hated space. It was bad enough that their fearless leader was going crazy with memories, living a virtual reality that wasn't real. So he shoved those memories, those feelings, those private moments of weakness, in the back of his mind where no one could see them, and went back to what had become their normal life. Though deep in his heart and mind, he couldn't wait for the day that this was all over, and they could go back home.

\* \* \*

><p><em>I miss New York. ;\_ ; Pretty much my sole motivation for this ramblly sort of story. So, R&R, I guess. <em>

End  
file.